MARVEL COMICS
LAST RITES
Part III of IV
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
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AUTHORITY
30TH ANNIVERSARY
THE FANTASTIC FOUR

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A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT, BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOWED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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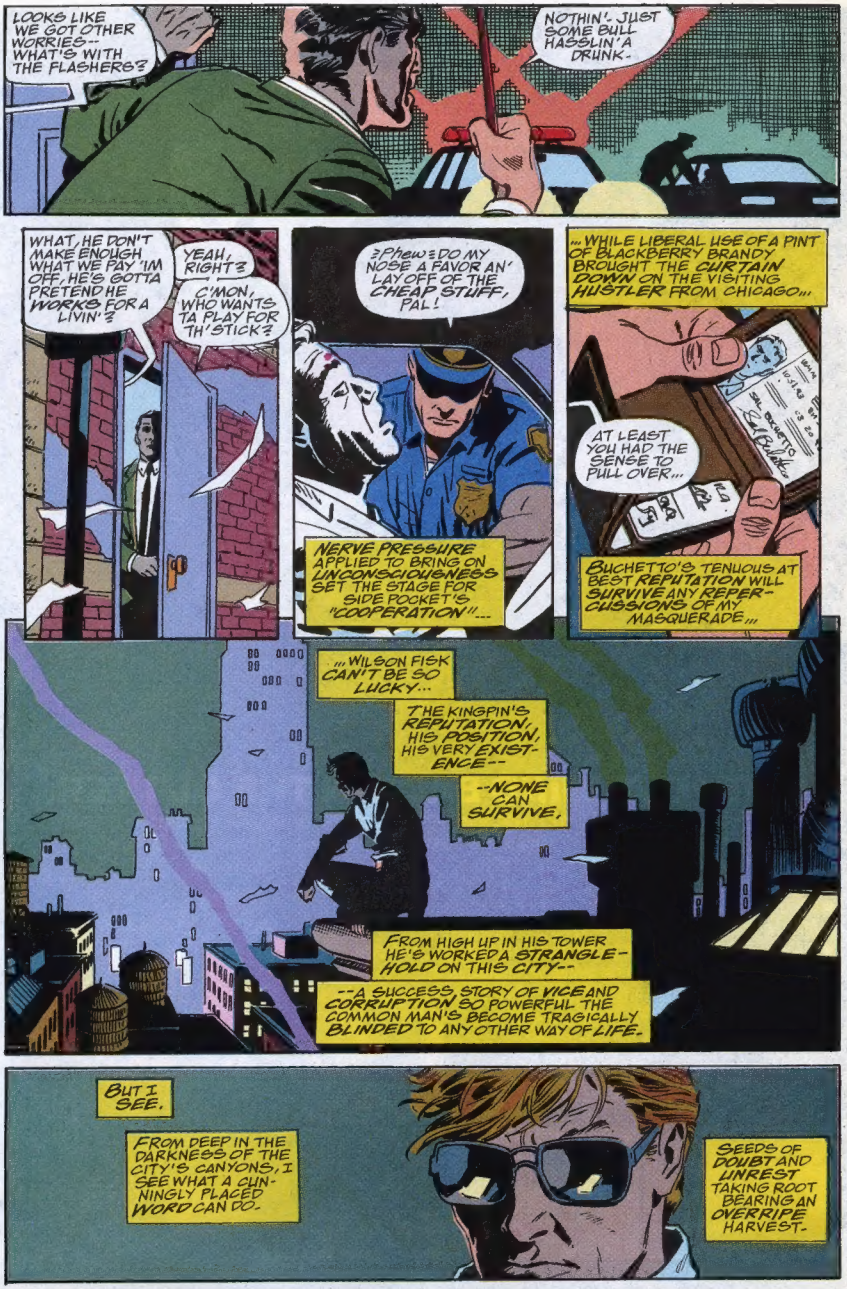
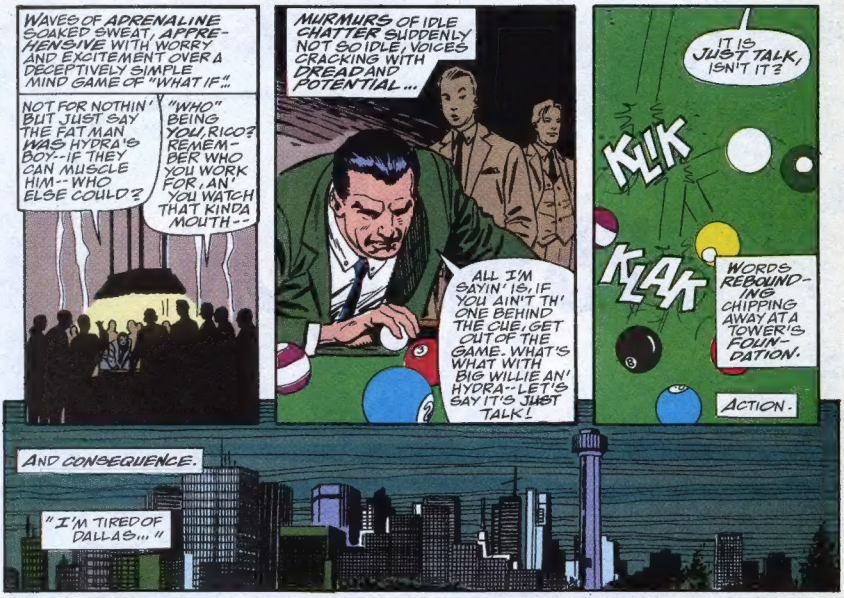
"THE STAKES ARE HIGH..."
C'MON, LET'S SEE HIS FANCY BREAK WHEN WE BUST HIS MOTHERLESS--
"AND THIS ISN'T ANY GAME I'M PLAYING.
"THE SUPREME ART OF WAR IS TO SUBDUE THE ENEMY WITHOUT FIGHTING".
--SUN-TZU.
A RECKONING IN FOUR PARTS by=
D.G. CHICHESTER WRITER
LEE WEEKS PENCILS
AL WILLIAMSON INKS
MAX SCHEELE COLORS
MORELLI LETTERS
RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO CHIEF
PART THREE
REGICIDE

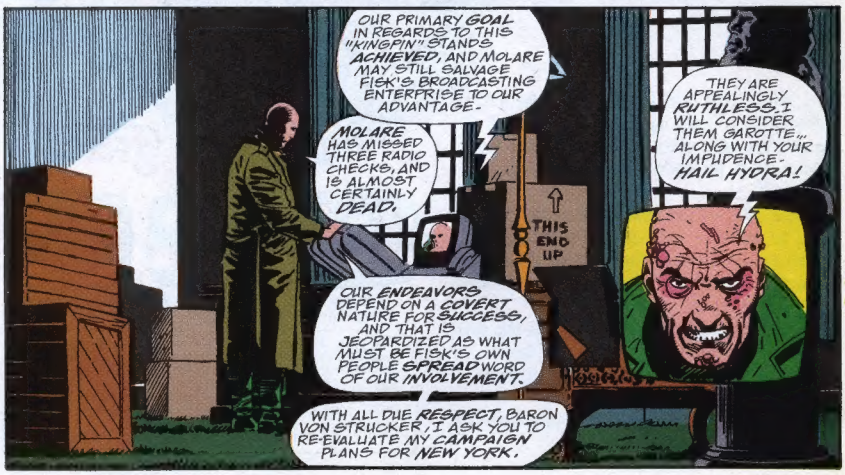
TRY KICKIN' THIS, SMART --HUH?
WHAT KINDA WAY IS THIS TO PLAY THE GAME?
BACKSTABBERS LIKE VINCENZO AND HIS PAISAN FRANKIE ARE OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT AGAINST A 360 DEGREE RADAR SENSE.
HERE'S A TIP--
A WHIFF OF OILED GUNMETAL, CALLOUSED SKIN RASPING ON A TEXTURED RUBBER GRIP TELLS ME WHAT ELEMENT FRANKIE-STEIN IS COMFORTABLE IN-
"...PUT A LITTLE ENGLISH ON IT.
I CHANGE THE ODDS...
"...IN MY FAVOR, NATURALLY.
SCRATCH.
SIDE POCKET, DON'T JUDGE US ALL ON ACCOUNT A' SOME HOT-HEADS!
YEAH--GIVE US A CHANCE TA WIN BACK OUR MONEY!

YOUR MONEY'S CAUSED ME ENOUGH GRIEF TODAY, BOYS --NO OFFENSE!
BEEN GOOD TALKIN' AT YA ALL-- STAY OUTTA TROUBLE!
THIS CREW? WHADDAYA KIDDIN'?
HEY, RICO-- MAN FORGOT HIS CUE!
OH, YEAH.
HEY, BUCHETTO--
BUCHETTO, WAIT UP-- YOU F'GOT YOUR--
GOT A PROBLEM, RICO--
HE'S-- TH' GUY'S GONE!
WHERE'D HE GET TO SO FAST?

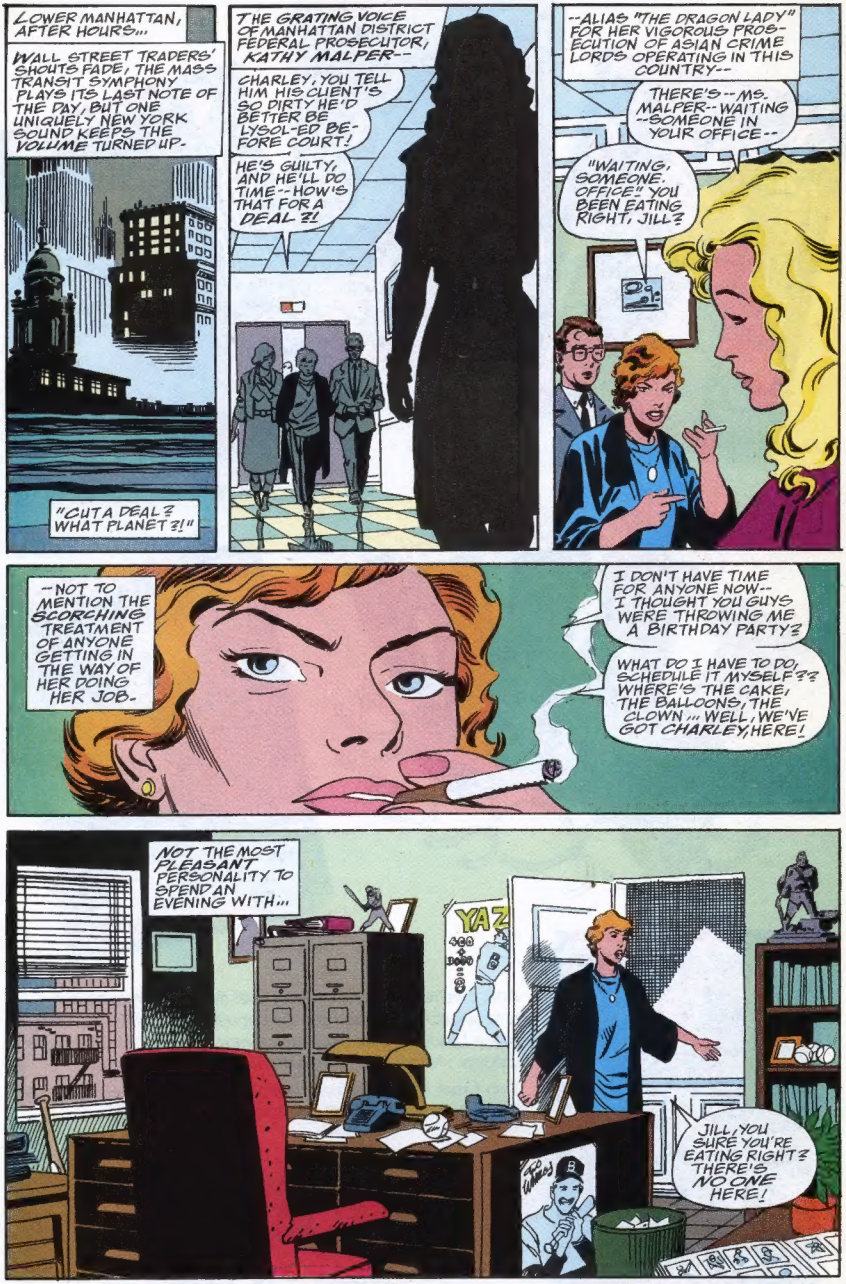

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT OTHER WORRIES--- WHAT'S WITH THE FLASHERS?
NOTHIN'. JUST SOME BULL HASSLIN' A DRUNK-
WHAT, HE DON'T MAKE ENOUGH WHAT WE PAY 'IM OFF, HE'S GOTTA PRETEND HE WORKS FOR A LIVIN'?
YEAH, RIGHT?
C'MON, WHO WANTS TA PLAY FOR TH' STICK?
>Phew< DO MY NOSE A FAVOR AN' LAY OFF OF THE CHEAP STUFF, PAL!
NERVE PRESSURE APPLIED TO BRING ON UNCONSCIOUSNESS SET THE STAGE FOR SICE POCKET'S "COOPERATION"...
"...WHILE LIBERAL USE OF A PINT OF BLACKBERRY BRANDY BROUGHT THE CURTAIN DOWN ON THE VISITING HUSTLER FROM CHICAGO..."
AT LEAST YOU HAD THE SENSE TO PULL OVER...
BUCHETTO'S TENUOUS AT BEST REPUTATION WILL SURVIVE ANY REPERCUSSIONS OF MY MASQUERADE...
"...WILSON FISK CAN'T BE SO LUCKY...
THE KINGPIN'S REPUTATION, HIS POSITION, HIS VERY EXISTENCE--
--NONE CAN SURVIVE.
FROM HIGH UP IN HIS TOWER HE'S WORKED A STRANGLEHOLD ON THIS CITY--
--A SUCCESS STORY OF VICE AND CORRUPTION SO POWERFUL THE COMMON MAN'S BECOME TRAGICALLY BLINDED TO ANY OTHER WAY OF LIFE.
BUT I SEE.
FROM DEEP IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CITY'S CANYONS, I SEE WHAT A CUNNINGLY PLACED WORD CAN DO.
SEEDS OF DOUBT AND UNREST TAKING ROOT BEARING AN OVERRIPE HARVEST.

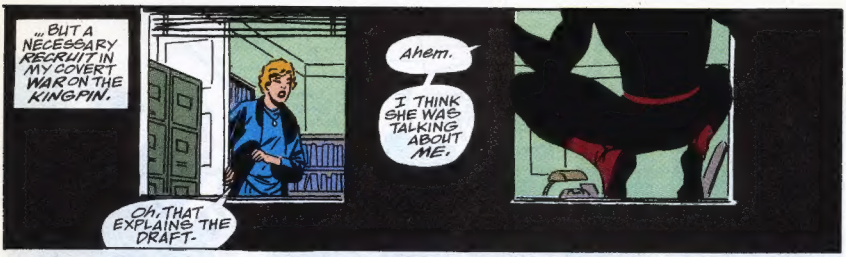

WAVES OF ADRENALINE SOAKED SWEAT, APPREHENSIVE WITH WORRY AND EXCITEMENT OVER A DECEPTIVELY SIMPLE MIND GAME OF "WHAT IF."
NOT FOR NOTHIN' BUT JUST SAY THE FAT MAN WAS HYDRA'S BOY--IF THEY CAN MUSCLE HIM--WHO ELSE COULD?
"WHO" BEING YOU, RICO? REMEMBER WHO YOU WORK FOR, AN' YOU WATCH THAT KINDA MOUTH--
MURMURS OF IDLE CHATTER SUDDENLY NOT SO IDLE, VOICES CRACKING WITH DREAD AND POTENTIAL...
ALL I'M SAYIN' IS, IF YOU AIN'T TH' ONE BEHIND THE CUE, GET OUT OF THE GAME. WHAT'S WHAT WITH BIG WILLIE AN' HYDRA--LET'S SAY IT'S JUST TALK!
IT IS JUST TALK, ISN'T IT?
KLIK
KLAK
WORDS REBOUNDING CHIPPING AWAY AT A TOWER'S FOUNDATION.
ACTION.
AND CONSEQUENCE.
"I'M TIRED OF DALLAS..."

"...TIRED OF THIS ENTIRE CHARADE!
YOUR "COLONEL STRANG" HAS SERVED HYDRA WELL, LT. GAROTTE!

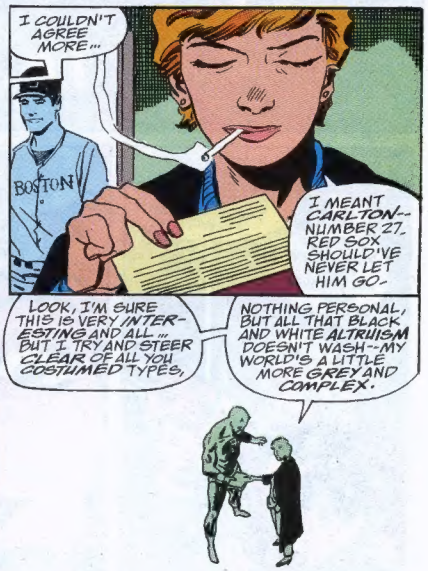

OUR PRIMARY GOAL IN REGARDS TO THIS "KINGPIN" STANDS ACHIEVED, AND MOLARE MAY STILL SALVAGE FISK'S BROADCASTING ENTERPRISE TO OUR ADVANTAGE.
MOLARE HAS MISSED THREE RADIO CHECKS, AND IS ALMOST CERTAINLY DEAD.
THIS END UP
THEY ARE APPEALINGLY RUTHLESS. I WILL CONSIDER THEM GAROTTE... ALONG WITH YOUR IMFIDENCE. HAIL HYDRA!
OUR ENDEAVORS DEPEND ON A COVERT NATURE FOR SUCCESS, AND THAT IS JEOPARDIZED AS WHAT MUST BE FISK'S OWN PEOPLE SPREAD WORD OF OUR INVOLVEMENT.
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, BARON VON STRUCKER, I ASK YOU TO RE-EVALUATE MY CAMPAIGN PLANS FOR NEW YORK.

YOU CALL FOR THE MOVERS?
FINALLY! FINISH CRATING EVERYTHING UP, AND TAKE CARE TO DO IT PROPERLY.
YOU'LL FIND THE SHIPPING INSTRUCTIONS ON THE--
KRAK!
"TAKE CARE TO DO IT PROPERLY!"
OH, ABSOLUTELY...
PRIORITY
FISK PLAZA
NEW YORK, N
1001
...JUST THE WAY THE BOSS MAN WANTS IT.
MR. FISK? MALTESE...
THAT ORDER OF TAKE-OUT IS ON ITS WAY-

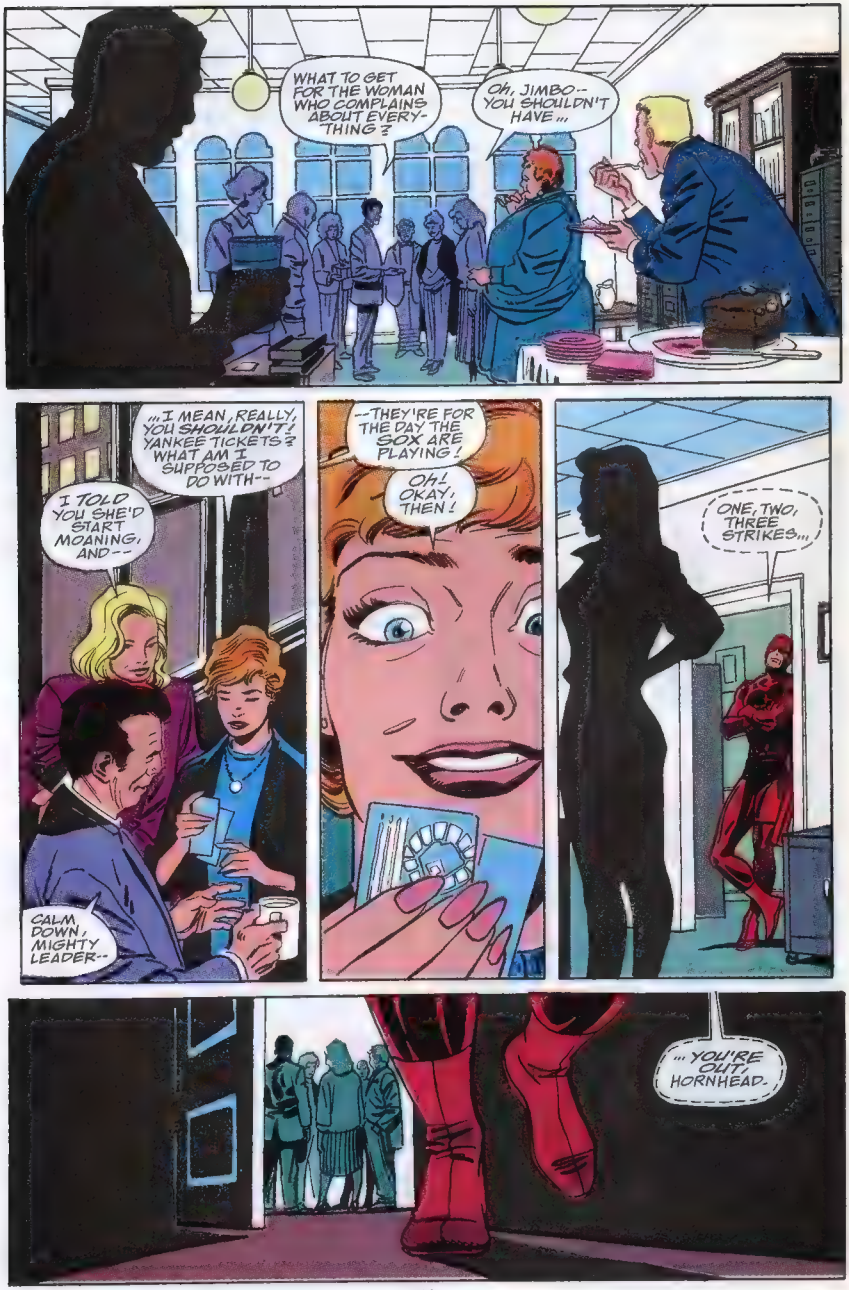

LOWER MANHATTAN, AFTER HOURS...
WALL STREET TRADERS' SHOUTS FADE, THE MASS TRANSIT SYMPHONY PLAYS ITS LAST NOTE OF THE DAY, BUT ONE UNIQUELY NEW YORK SOUND KEEPS THE VOLUME TURNED UP-
"CUT A DEAL? WHAT PLANET?!"
THE GRATING VOICE OF MANHATTAN DISTRICT FEDERAL PROSECUTOR, KATHY MALPER--
CHARLEY, YOU TELL HIM HIS CLIENT'S SO DIRTY HE'D BETTER BE LYSOL-ED BEFORE COURT!
HE'S GUILTY, AND HE'LL DO TIME--HOW'S THAT FOR A DEAL?!
--ALIAS "THE DRAGON LADY" FOR HER VIGOROUS PROSECUTION OF ASIAN CRIME LORDS OPERATING IN THIS COUNTRY--
THERE'S--MS. MALPER--WAITING --SOMEONE IN YOUR OFFICE--
"WAITING, SOMEONE OFFICE" YOU BEEN EATING RIGHT, JILL?
--NOT TO MENTION THE SCORCHING TREATMENT OF ANYONE GETTING IN THE WAY OF HER DOING HER JOB.
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR ANYONE NOW--I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WERE THROWING ME A BIRTHDAY PARTY?
WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO, SCHEDULE IT MYSELF?? WHERE'S THE CAKE, THE BALLOONS, THE CLOWN... WELL, WE'VE GOT CHARLEY, HERE!
NOT THE MOST PLEASANT PERSONALITY TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH...
YAZ
JILL, YOU SURE YOU'RE EATING RIGHT? THERE'S NO ONE HERE!


...BUT A NECESSARY RECRUIT IN MY COVERT WAR ON THE KINGPIN.
OH, THAT EXPLAINS THE DRAFT-
AHEM.
I THINK SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT ME.

UH... RIGHT.
I'VE GOT SOME MATERIAL HERE I THOUGHT MIGHT INTEREST A U.S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY...
"IT REGARDS WILSON FISK.
FISK, HUH? TALK ABOUT CRIMINAL.


I COULDN'T AGREE MORE...
BOSTON
I MEANT CARLTON-- NUMBER 27. RED SOX SHOULD'VE NEVER LET HIM GO.
LOOK, I'M SURE THIS IS VERY INTERESTING AND ALL... BUT I TRY AND STEER CLEAR OF ALL YOU COSTUMED TYPES.
NOTHING PERSONAL, BUT ALL THAT BLACK AND WHITE ALTRUISM DOESN'T WASH--MY WORLD'S A LITTLE MORE GREY AND COMPLEX.

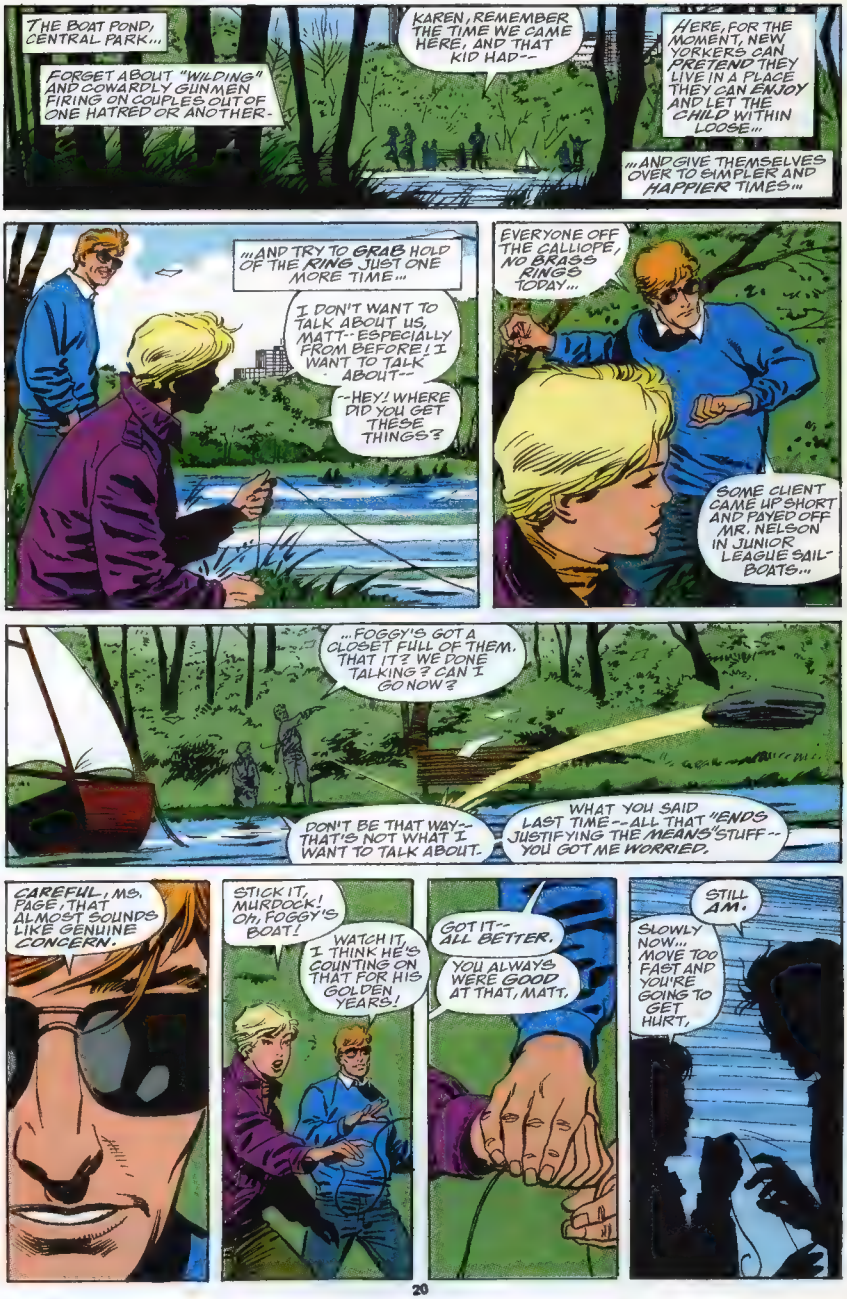
STICK AROUND FOR SOME CAKE--THOUGH YOU PROBABLY WANT TO WATCH YOUR FIGURE IN THAT OUTFIT.
SURE... THANKS...

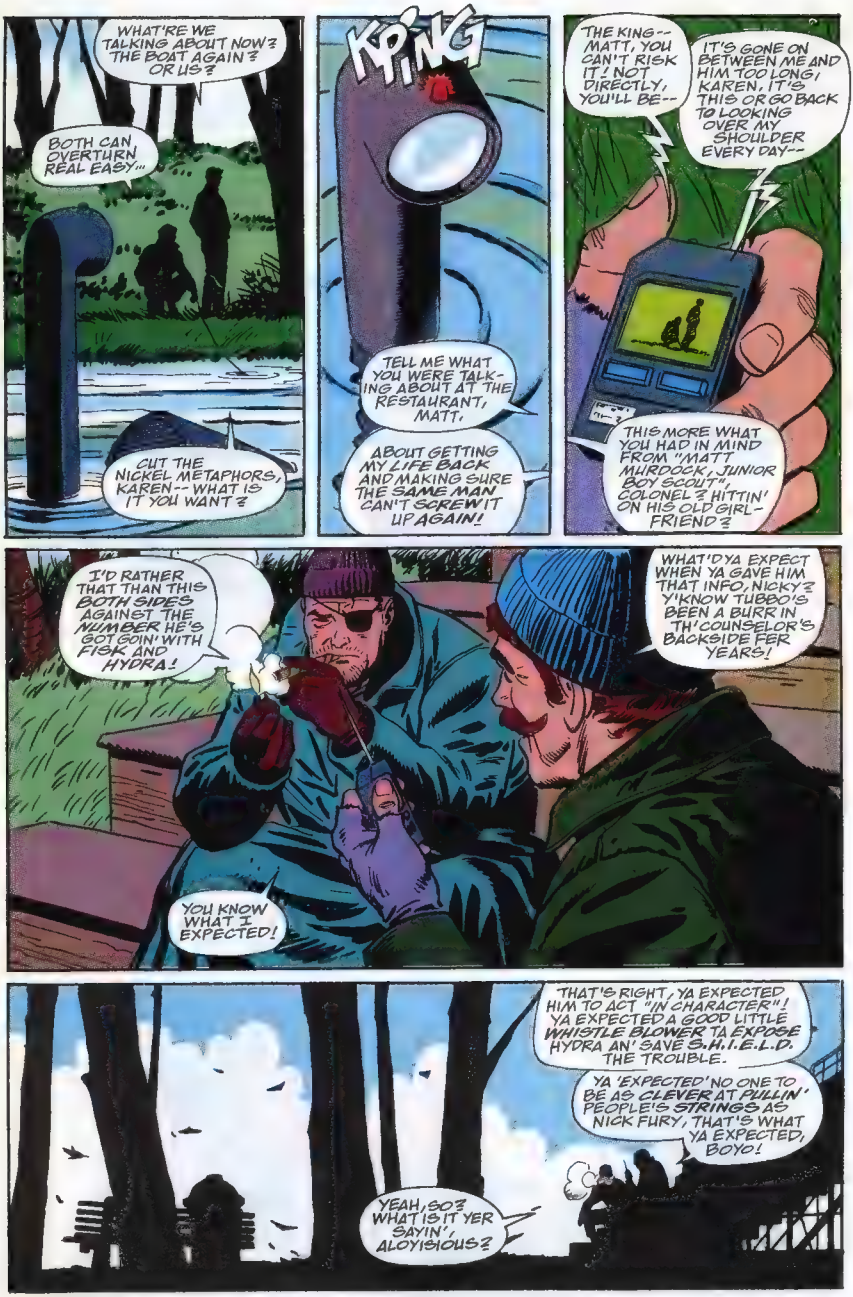

WHAT TO GET FOR THE WOMAN WHO COMPLAINS ABOUT EVERY-THING?
OH, JIMBO-- YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE...
I TOLD YOU SHE'D START MOANING, AND--
"...I MEAN, REALLY, YOU SHOULDN'T! YANKEE TICKETS? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH--
CALM DOWN, MIGHTY LEADER--
--THEY'RE FOR THE DAY THE SOX ARE PLAYING!
OH! OKAY, THEN!
ONE, TWO, THREE STRIKES...
"...YOU'RE OUT, HORNHEAD.

"THE MESSENGER BROUGHT THIS ONE BY--THE NOTE LOOKS LIKE IT'S FROM YOUR PARENTS!"
KLK
KLK
NICE! THEY TALKED ABOUT GETTING ME A NEW ONE, BUT I THOUGHT THEY--
OH, MY--
HOW CAN THEY NOT HEAR IT?
EVEN UNDER THE DUAL THUNDERCLAPS OF THE LATCHES SPRINGING OPEN...
LET'S SEE WHAT WE GOT HERE--
--THE INTERMINABLE CREAK OF THE HINGES SWINGING WIDE--
--SCREAMING A LAST SECOND WARNING...
CRAZY MASKED--
WHO DOES HE THINK--
OUT OF MY WAY!
--PIANO WIRE VIBRATING A HIGHER AND HIGHER PITCH AS IT PULLS HELLISHLY TAUT, READY TO STRIKE A CHORD OF DEATH...

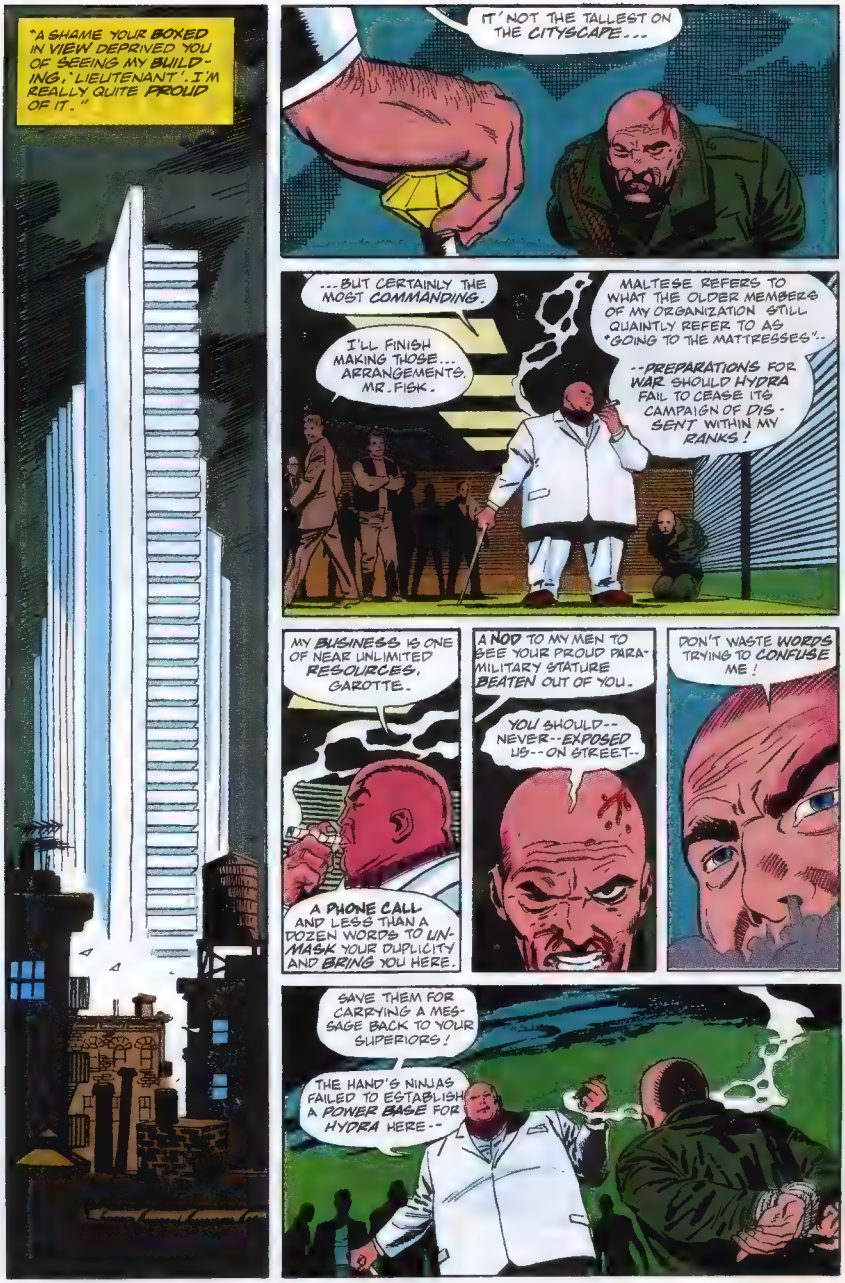
KA-BLAM
SUNNUVA--
I DON'T THINK THAT WAS FROM MY PARENTS "I HOPE THAT'S NOT FROM MY PARENTS!!!
LOOKS LIKE I WAS A LITTLE HARD ON ALTRUISM BACK THERE RED... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
I DO.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY.
"FORENSICS THINKS IT'S YOUR ASIAN DRUG LORD BUDDIES SENT THE PACKAGE, COUNSELOR..."

...YOU'VE GIVEN THEM ENOUGH HEADACHES, THEY FIGURED THEY WOULD GIVE YOU A STOMACHACHE.
YAZ
PERMANENT ONE, RIGHT, TED? GET ME A COPY OF THE REPORT!
MY HONG KONG COUNTERPARTS GAVE ME THIS--GENERAL GUAN YU, CHINESE GOD OF "WEALTH AND JUSTICE AND THE DESTROYER OF EVILS".
THEIR WAY OF REMINDING ME I NEED ALL THE HELP I CAN GET.
OKAY, RED, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE PACKING--THOUGH THE SKINTIGHT LOOK DOESN'T LEAVE MUCH TO THE IMAGINATION.
IF IT MAKES IT ANY EASIER, I DIDN'T COME HERE WITH PURE ALTRUISM ON THE BRAIN--I WAS THINKING TRADE.
WHAT I'VE GOT ON FISK, FOR A--FRIEND --MATT MURDOCK!
FISK RAILROADED HIM--GOT HIM DISBARRED. AN APPEAL IS TIED UP UNTIL DOOMSDAY AT THE LOCAL LEVEL, BUT IF A FEDERAL D.A. WERE TO STICK HER NOSE IN ON IT--
NO PROMISES,
IMPROPRIETIES IN FISK'S PURCHASE OF HIS BROADCAST STATION--FOREIGN BACKERS ARE AGAINST F.C.C. REGS--
CONNECTIONS FROM THOSE BACKERS TO--HYDRA? FISK IS LINKED TO TERRORISTS? WHERE DID YOU GET--?
FISK, WILS
HYDRA FRONT ORGAN
TIES TO WFET, SEE SECTION C.
TRAFFICKING WITH KNOWN FELONS, ACROSS STATE LINES--HELLOOO, RICO ACT!
I LIKE THIS, YES I DO!
MURDOCK, HUH?


THE BOAT POND, CENTRAL PARK...
FORGET ABOUT "WILDING" AND COWARDLY GUNMEN FIRING ON COUPLES OUT OF ONE HATRED OR ANOTHER-
KAREN, REMEMBER THE TIME WE CAME HERE, AND THAT KID HAD--
HERE, FOR THE MOMENT, NEW YORKERS CAN PRETEND THEY LIVE IN A PLACE THEY CAN ENJOY AND LET THE CHILD WITHIN LOOSE...
"...AND GIVE THEMSELVES OVER TO SIMPLER AND HAPPIER TIMES."
"...AND TRY TO GRAB HOLD OF THE RING JUST ONE MORE TIME..."
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT US, MATT--ESPECIALLY FROM BEFORE! I WANT TO TALK ABOUT--
--HEY! WHERE DID YOU GET THESE THINGS?
EVERYONE OFF THE CALLIOPE, NO BRASS RINGS TODAY...
SOME CLIENT CAME UP SHORT AND PAYED OFF MR. NELSON IN JUNIOR LEAGUE SAILBOATS...
...FOGGY'S GOT A CLOSET FULL OF THEM. THAT IT? WE DONE TALKING? CAN I GO NOW?
DON'T BE THAT WAY--THAT'S NOT WHAT I WANT TO TALK ABOUT.
WHAT YOU SAID "ENDS LAST TIME"--ALL THAT "ENDS JUSTIFYING THE MEANS" STUFF--YOU GOT ME WORRIED.
CAREFUL, MS. PAGE, THAT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE GENUINE CONCERN.
STICK IT, MURDOCK! OH, FOGGY'S BOAT!
WATCH IT, I THINK HE'S COUNTING ON THAT FOR HIS GOLDEN YEARS!
GOT IT--ALL BETTER.
YOU ALWAYS WERE GOOD AT THAT, MATT.
STILL AM.
SLOWLY NOW... MOVE TOO FAST AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET HURT.


WHAT'RE WE TALKING ABOUT NOW? THE BOAT AGAIN? OR US?
BOTH CAN OVERTURN REAL EASY...
CUT THE NICKEL METAPHORS, KAREN -- WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
KA'PING
TELL ME WHAT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT AT THE RESTAURANT, MATT.
ABOUT GETTING MY LIFE BACK AND MAKING SURE THE SAME MAN CAN'T SCREW IT UP AGAIN!
THE KING-- MATT, YOU CAN'T RISK IT! NOT DIRECTLY, YOU'LL BE--
IT'S GONE ON BETWEEN ME AND HIM TOO LONG, KAREN, IT'S THIS OR GO BACK TO LOOKING OVER MY SHOULDER EVERY DAY--
THIS MORE WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND FROM "MATT MURDOCK, JUNIOR BOY SCOUT", COLONEL? HITTIN' ON HIS OLD GIRL-FRIEND?
I'D RATHER THAT THAN THIS BOTH SIDES AGAINST THE MIDDLE HE'S GOT GOIN' WITH FISK AND HYDRA!
WHAT'D YA EXPECT WHEN YA GAVE HIM THAT INFO, NICKY? Y'KNOW TUBBO'S BEEN A BURR IN TH' COUNSELOR'S BACKSIDE FER YEARS!
YOU KNOW WHAT I EXPECTED!
THAT'S RIGHT, YA EXPECTED HIM TO ACT "IN CHARACTER"! YA EXPECTED A GOOD LITTLE WHISTLE BLOWER TA EXPOSE HYDRA AN' SAVE S.H.I.E.L.D. THE TROUBLE.
YA 'EXPECTED' NO ONE TO BE AS CLEVER AT PULLIN' PEOPLE'S STRINGS AS NICK FURY, THAT'S WHAT YA EXPECTED, BOYO!
YEAH, SO? WHAT IS IT YER SAYIN', ALOYISIOUS?

SEE, IT'S NOT YOU WHO'S MOVING TOO FAST, MATT! IT'S ME!
AND I MAKE THAT MISTAKE, AND THEN THEY FIND YOU AND YOUR RED SUIT IN THE EAST RIVER BECAUSE YOU WERE MAYBE A LITTLE TOO SURE OF YOURSELF--
KAREN, KAREN, WAIT--
PINGING, WHAT IS THAT PINGING?
SNIFF
STOP BUYING SUCH CHEAP CIGARS, FURY!
KRASH
HE'S GOOD-- GOTTA GIVE 'IM THAT!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL GIVE 'IM...
WHAT'S TH' PROBLEM, COLONEL? WHATEVER ELSE, HE'S GONNA BLOW HYDRA'S COVER FER US, RIGHT?
PROBLEM IS, DUGAN,,, WHAT ELSE GOES UP WITH IT?


"A SHAME YOUR BOXED IN VIEW DEPRIVED YOU OF SEEING MY BUILDING, 'LIEUTENANT'. I'M REALLY QUITE PROUD OF IT."
IT' NOT THE TALLEST ON THE CITYSCAPE...
...BUT CERTAINLY THE MOST COMMANDING.
I'LL FINISH MAKING THOSE... ARRANGEMENTS, MR. FISK.
MALTESE REFERS TO WHAT THE OLDER MEMBERS OF MY ORGANIZATION STILL QUAINTLY REFER TO AS "GOING TO THE MATTRESSES"..
--PREPARATIONS FOR WAR SHOULD HYDRA FAIL TO CEASE ITS CAMPAIGN OF DISSENT WITHIN MY RANKS!
MY BUSINESS IS ONE OF NEAR UNLIMITED RESOURCES, GAROTTE..
A PHONE CALL AND LESS THAN A DOZEN WORDS TO UNMASK YOUR DUPLICITY AND BRING YOU HERE.
A NOD TO MY MEN TO SEE YOUR PROUD PARAMILITARY STATURE BEATEN OUT OF YOU.
YOU SHOULD-- NEVER--EXPOSED US--ON STREET..
DON'T WASTE WORDS TRYING TO CONFUSE ME!
SAVE THEM FOR CARRYING A MESSAGE BACK TO YOUR SUPERIORS!
THE HAND'S NINJAS FAILED TO ESTABLISH A POWER BASE FOR HYDRA HERE--

--SO YOU TURNED TO PROPAGANDA, UNDERMINING MY AUTHORITY FROM THE BOTTOM UP.
AT THIS, HYDRA HAS ALSO FAILED.
DON'T BE SO SURE, "KINGPIN"...
YOU SHALL BE A WARNING TO YOUR PEOPLE, GAROTTE, A WARNING THAT MY RESOURCES DON'T END WITH A PHONE CALL AND A NOD!
"YOU MIGHT WANT TO CHECK YOUR FINANCIAL ACCOUNTS ON THAT COMPUTER SCREEN THERE..."
"THE FINAL REQUEST OF A CONDEMNED MAN, GAROTTE? VERY WELL..."
WHAT--WHAT IS THIS-?!?
TOO MANY ZEROES PERHAPS?
ONCE YOU ACCEPTED HYDRA'S TRANSFER OF FUNDS FOR PURCHASE OF YOUR TELEVISION STATION, YOU GAVE OUR HACKERS AN IN INTO YOUR SYSTEM.
AN IN HYDRA HAS EXPLOITED TO THE FULLEST!
I'M NODDING MY HEAD AGAIN, GAROTTE...
FORGIVE ME IF MY ATTENTION IS ELSEWHERE...

I ASSUME THAT DESK OF YOURS IS ARMORED FOR YOUR PERSONAL PROTECTION, KINGPIN-- I SUGGEST YOU USE IT!
THAT LIGHT--
CAN'T SEE--
SON OF A--
GET IT OUT GET IT OUTTA MY--
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
TONY'S LOOK OUT-- TONY, TONY'S
--TOOK OFF MY LEG, CAN'T STAND!
MY EYES BLEEDING RIGHT IN MY--
--HIT DEAR SWEET LORD I'M--
NO.
KTANG
KRTANG

YOU SEE, MR. FISK, HYDRA ALSO HAS ITS RESOURCES!
BRAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
ENOUGH!

SLTTHT
IF YOU THINK FOR AN INSTANT THIS WON'T BE ANSWERED IN KIND--
DON'T UNDULY PREOCCUPY YOURSELF WITH THOUGHTS OF REVENGE...
---YOU HAVE OTHER CONCERNS
BRKOOM
TRTAAM
THOSE EXPLOSIONS IN THE DISTANCE MARK THE DESTRUCTION OF EACH OF YOUR PROPERTY HOLDINGS--LEGAL AND ILLICIT--IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
"IN A SPIRIT OF MAGNANIMITY, WE HAVE ARRANGED FOR THE EVACUATION OF YOUR PERSONNEL FROM EACH FACILITY.
"HYDRA DOES NOT CONDONE THE LOSS OF INNOCENT LIFE... UNLESS, OF COURSE, IT SUITS OUR PURPOSE."
THIS CAN'T-- THIS CAN'T BE--
YOU ARE ONLY A CRIMINAL, MR. FISK.
AND WE... WE ARE CONQUERORS.

HOW MUST IT APPEAR FROM WHERE THE KINGPIN STANDS ?
THAT THE JEWELS IN THE CROWN HAVE SUDDENLY WINKED OUT OF EXISTENCE, SEIZED AWAY BY A THIEF IN THE RAPIDLY DARKENING NIGHT.
I HEAR THE SCRAPE OF FLESH AGAINST METAL, PERHAPS THE SHARP EDGE OF A KEEPSAKE I PLACED IN HIS HANDS TO REMIND HIM OF ANOTHER PRECIOUS TREASURE LOST.
A FRAMED IMAGE OF HIS ESTRANGED WIFE, A CRUEL HEIRLOOM MEANT TO UNNERVE THE BIG MAN INTO EXPOSING HIS VULNERABLE SIDE.
VANESSA... TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED... THE WAY WE HAD THINGS THEN ? WHAT HAPPENED ?
WHAT HAPPENED ?
I HEAR THE SCRAPE OF FLESH AGAINST METAL.
AND THERE'S THE SCENT OF BLOOD IN THE AIR.

FROM MY VANTAGE POINT, I'M AFFORDED A DIFFERENT VIEW OF WILSON FISK'S CRISIS...
...SEEN" THROUGH HYPER-ACUTE SENSES BRUTALLY ASSAULTED BY THE TEMPEST OF SENSATION RAGING ACROSS THE CITY...
SIRENS SCREAM DEEP INTO MY SKULL.
THERE'S THE FOUL TASTE OF SOOT ON MY TONGUE, THROTTLING ME.
CHILL WIND DRIVES HEAT AND TOXINS FROM THE FIRES DEEP INTO MY SKIN, SEARING.
SNOT RUNS OUT MY NOSE AS THICK AS SMOKE RUSHES IN FROM A DOZEN BLOCKS AWAY, BLACK ODOR CHOKING OFF THE MEMBRANES.
MY PERCEPTION OF THE KINGPIN'S DECIMATED EMPIRE IS AN INTENSELY UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE, OFFENSIVE ON EVERY LEVEL.
AN ALTOGETHER... SENSUAL... EXPERIENCE.
I'M NOT SMILING.
I'M NOT.
NEXT: LONG LIVE THE KING

MARVEL COMICS BULLPEN BULLETINS

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes!

Who wants to win a frankly fictitious Frammistat complete with one megabyte of RAM and driver's side air bag? All you have to do is answer a question that's been plaguing me for years, namely: Why in the name of Wolverine's manicurist can't the world's greatest comic book company ever get a date right? And if that doesn't whet your candescent curiosity then poor ol' Stan has lost his tender touch!

Let me elucidate. A few months ago I wrote a Soapbox column touting the famous San Diego Comic Con which was held during the July 4th holiday, suggesting that you attend it if you could. So far so good, right? Wrong! The column was supposed to appear in the Marvel mags which went on sale in June, to give those wanting to attend the Con enough time to make their travel plans. So what happened? We cleverly managed to print the Soapbox in titles that went on sale AFTER the Con was over!

Of course, no blushin' Bullpenner will ever admit that Marvel can err, so this is to announce that it really wasn't a mistake! We were simply advertising NEXT year's San Diego Con, and doing it twelve months early!

Y'know, the reason we started awarding no-prizes to readers who discovered mistakes in our mags is that we made so many of them that our only recourse was to make a game of it! Which means it's time for a brand-new no-prize contest! I will proudly award some exclusive, frost-free no-prizes, complete with woofer and tweeter, to the Marvel maniacs who submit the best slogan describing our peculiar propensity for fantastic foul-ups! To get you started, here's an example: "Marvel, the Blundering Bastion of Bone-headed Boo-Boos!" Now, hey, don't tell me you can't come up with a better one than that! But you'll really have to search for the winning entries — we'll probably print 'em in the wrong mag!

Excelsior!

Stan Lee

It's October, so it's time once again for creepies, crawlies, and things that go bump in the night. That's right — it's that time of year once again when our editor in chief **Tom DeFalco** cleans out his refrigerator!

It's also Halloween season — a time for facades, ruses, and masks. A time for deceptions, tricks, treats. Shams, scams, and hams (sorry — it's lunch time). A time to pretend to be something you're not. As our old friend Mr. Rogers might have put it, it's time to ride that little trolley into the land of make-believe.

In the world of comics, everyone has a secret identity (in fact, the comic strip character Cathy is actually Ziggy in drag). And many comics creators share similar fantasies of wanting to dress up like their four-color fantasy figures. So for this Halloween edition of the BB, we decided to ask the Marvel Comics creative people this question: If you could be anyone or anything for Halloween this year, what would you be? . . .

Peter David, of INCREDIBLE HULK fame, said "I'd like to be the person who gets to ask these stupid questions, instead of answer them." Peter asked us to mention that on Halloween, he gives out comics instead of candy. As he puts it, "I firmly believe in rotting a kid's brain instead of his teeth!"

SHIELD inker **Don Hudson** said, "I would be the Riddler, and I would have two guys accompanying me, with names written on their shirts like Chuckles and Chorties."

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN's **David Michelinie** chose a more horrific disguise. "I would be Fabian Nicieza. He writes five books a month, and that's scary!"

Roy Thomas, who's currently writing more CONAN than human beings should be allowed to read, said, "I'd like to be the owner of the Chicago Cubs so I could trade for a few good pitchers."

Michael Higgins, who's lettered so many AKIRA pages he's started wearing a kimono, said, "I'd be a member of the Grateful Dead."

Spider-Man villains are a popular choice this year. WEB OF SPIDER-MAN penciler **Alex Saviuk** said, "I'd like to be the Hobgoblin, who I happen to be drawing at the moment. I think it would be a neat visual. But considering my build, I think I would do better as the Kingpin! But I would have to shave my head!"

Writer without fear **Dan Chichester** would also like to be the Kingpin — "while there's still time!" Dan noted that the Kingpin is about to take a great fall over in the pages of his DAREDEVIL series.

Mike Mignola, of FAFHRD AND THE GRAY MOUSER fame, said "I would like to be a winged monkey from the *Wizard of Oz!*" Mike was working on his costume even as we spoke, so don't be surprised to see him flying by your window this October 31!

ALPHA FLIGHT's artist in residence **Tom Morgan** told us "I'd like to be a Florida boat bum named Travis McGee."

Mark Bagley, currently knocking them dead on both AMAZING SPIDER-MAN and NEW WARRIORS artwork, said "I want to be Doc Ock, because I need the four extra arms to keep up with my deadlines!"

Editor **Mike Rockwitz** said he would be Petrus Steele of thrash metal group Type O Negative fame.

MARVEL AGE's own **Mike Lackey** echoed Mike Rockwitz's sentiments, saying he would be the grind-core thrash group, Gwar. Not just one member of the group, but the entire group! No small thinker, that Mike Lackey!

Editor **Craig Anderson**, currently preparing to launch an all-new ADAM WARLOCK series with writer **Jim Starlin**, said he would be "Kim Basinger's bicycle seat."

Glenn Herdling, who is *No Longer Submissions Editor* (but is editing the new NOMAD series), said he would like to be "a whispering wind, so I can travel over land and sea, unobstructed, to many a foreign country. Either that, or Fred Flintstone."

Glenn's assistant, **Pat Garrahy** — who may or may not be the *New Submissions Editor* (he asked us not to say, he's waiting for an appeal) said, "I want to be a movie star like Bugs Bunny or Kermit the Frog."

The PUNISHER's pal, **Mike Baron**, said he would like to be ballet star Mikhail Baryshnikov, because "he's got just the right amount of fame. He's unlikely to be mobbed when he goes out in public, but he's well-known in cultural circles."

Todd McFarlane, who formerly held the record for writing, drawing, and inking the best-selling comic of all time, said "I would like to be the president/owner of my own hockey trading card company, so I can tell people what to do instead of having to listen to my editor!"

Ron Lim, perhaps best known for running the INFINITY GAUNTLET earlier this year, said "I would be Kwai Chang Caine, from the *Kung Fu* TV series, with a group of traveling monks!"

Finally, we have ALPHA FLIGHT scripter **Scott Lobdell**, who said that if he could be anyone or anything for Halloween, he would be "the God of Comics for one day." Now who among us hasn't wished for that one at least once in his life?

Onward . . . !

OCTOBER COOLOMETER

COOL

UNCOOL

- PEEWEE HERMAN
- MARVEL STOCK
- VIRTUAL REALITY
- SEVENTIES ROCK MUSIC
- DIRT ROADS
- SERIAL KILLERS
- ARENA FOOTBALL
- MULTI-FORMAT FIRST ISSUES
- *BEVERLY HILLS 90210*
- APATOSAURUS SKULLS
- HIPSTERISM
- OLD WESTERNS
- DENTAL HYGIENE
- INFORMATIONALS
- CATWOMAN
- SY SPERLING
- DRUIDS
- SELF-ORGANIZED CRITICALITY
- NETWORK TV